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Catch 'em Alive

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Catch 'em alive.

HERE'S your catch 'em alives, and to sell 'em I strives

But, s'help my bob, I cant take a mag;
I've been round the town, but I cant take a brown,
By gosh this game won't wash,
For there don't seem a brown to be had,
I'll sell off, I will—for I feel precious ill, slaving all day,
in this sort of way,

And tell you my mind, I must,
Haven't I (telling no lies) put a stop to your flies,
Which made you feel queer when they got in your beer,
But now I can scarce get a crust.

Catch 'em alive, catch 'em alive,
All your blackbeetles blue-bottles and flies,
As through the streets these papers I cries,
The boys they call arter me—beggar their eyes!

It's a right-down shame, and you're all to blame,
To see me hard-up, and can't get a sup,

It's really a bad situation;
You're an ungrateful lot, you're not worth a pot,
To see me stand by, both hungry and dry,
After the good I've done to the nation,
You say draw it mild, but it makes me quite wild,
When you know very well, it's true what I tell,
For I'm not a covey what brags,
I say s'help me never, I'm right down clever,
But then people say, and you'll find it the way,
That talent is often in rags.

Chorus, &c

I'd go in a buster, if I could but muster,
Something like three & a tanner, in an out- & -out manner,
I'd do a capital trade,
I wouldn't be beat, for I'd sell them so cheap,
What with wholesale, and what with retail,
Why, my fortune would nearly be made,
Now all you respectable old blades, that keep servant
To buy my fly-papers you ought, [maids,
For down in your kitchen, into the grub they're pitching,
I mean those big flies who nail rabbit pies—
Such blue-bottles ought to be caught. Chorus &c,

It was my intention, with this stunning new invention,
To have shown at the late Exhibition;
I tried all I know'd, if I didn't I'm blow'd,
But I hadn't the tin, and I couldn't get in,
And the nobs wouldn't give me permission,
You'll find foreign dodgers,

I mean those wide-awake looking codgers,
Get well cloth'd and jolly well fed,
While native talent's got the blues, and he's hard up for
He can't get meat, that's too great a treat, [shoes,
And sometimes he's hard up for bread. Chorus, &c,

My old woman's sure to begin if I ain't got the tin,
To give me too much of her jaw,
And old Mother Wrangle, 'cause I won't turn her man-
(I wish you'd buy!) says, I'm not on the fly, gle,
But I soon sent her slap on the floor,
There's a parcel of gals, with their gin drinking pals,
Calls arter me as I goes through the street,
There he goes, the old muff, with his fly catching stuff,
But I take it quite mild, for they re only wild.
Because I wouldn't stand treat. Chorus, &c



PAUL JONES

H. Such. Printer, & Newsvender,
123, Union Street, Borough, London. Hawkers &
The Trade Supplied

AN American frigate, call'd the Richard by name
Mounted guns forty-four, from New York she
came,

To cruise in the channel of old England's fame,
With a noble commander, Paul Jones was his name.

We had not cruised long, before two sails we es-
A large forty-four, and a twenty likewise, [pied,
Fifty bright shipping, well loaded with stores,
And the convoy stood in for the old Yorkshire shore

'Bout the hour of twelve, we came alongside
With long speaking trumpet; whence came you, he
cried,

Come answer me quickly, I hail you no more,
Or else a broadside into you I will pour.

We fought them four glasses, four glasses so hot,
Till forty bold seamen lay dead on the spot,
And fifty-five more lay bleeding in gore,
While the thund'ring large cannons of Paul Jones
did roar.

Our carpenter being frighten'd, to Paul Jones did
say,

Our ship she leaks water since fighting to-day,
Paul Jones he made answer, in the height of his
pride,
If we can do no better, we'll sink alongside.

Paul Jones he then smiled, and to his men did say,
Let every man stand the best of his play,
For broadside for broadside they fought on the main,
Like true buckskin heroes we return'd it again.

The Ceraphus wore round our ship for to rake,
Which made the proud hearts of the English to ache,
The shot flew so hot, we could not stand it long-
Till the bold British colours from the English came
down

Oh! now my brave boys we have taken a rich prize,
A large forty-four and a twenty likewise,
To help the poor mothers that have reason to weep,
For the loss of their sons in the unfathomed deep.